

# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "Lights Out"

(feat. M.O.P.)

Yeah

Gang Starr, M.O.P.

Either ride or be quiet

What we gon' do? (Gon' do), motherfucker

Lights out, I told y'all, this is the one I owe y'all  
When you see me, act like you know I know y'all  
No one (No one) but Allah can hold y'all  
Average motherfuckers can't even handle what I throw y'all  
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No one (No one) but Allah can hold y'all  
Average motherfuckers can't even handle what I throw y'all (Yo, yo)

Yo, ever since a shorty I was hard-headed and angry  
And mad complex and wouldn't let nobody change me  
I'm still the same me, gettin' pussy, stayin' weeded  
These bitches are starstruck, so fuck the way they gettin' treated  
I don't need it, if her head ain't right I pass on it  
While you trick sucka niggas be wastin' cash on it  
And you don't want it, when the fight starts, you always runnin'  
Against me, son, you know the outcome, ya always done  
Rhymes jog ya mental like ya pop dukes smacked ya  
You need to join SAG (Why?) 'cause you're a hell of an actor (Hahahaha)  
After you notice what happened it'll be too late  
Can't blame no one but yourself for mistakes you make  
And some of y'all niggas are like circus monkeys  
Livin' life like worthless junkies  
Plottin' against your fellow man, helpin' out the devil's plan  
Damn, why can't I trust my own people?  
Fuck it, enemies must perish in the valley of their own evil

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Yo, a wise man once said, "Fuck what a wise man said"  
Bitch, gimme that bag otherwise y'all dead  
Clap on (Blaow, blaow), I can ride right now  
Leave you paralyzed from your eyebrows down  
I got two parts of my brain, fuck your life on my right

Ain't nothin' left on my left, ain't nothin' right  
(I pull up) The kid scope 'em out, I'll thrush ya  
For the bread I'll leave ya head smokin' like a muffler  
Sick bars, bitch, what up?  
I spit SARS, you spit nut up  
Bitch, shut up, it's in my bone marrow  
Marked for death, I don't even trust my own shadow  
When they can't touch who you become  
They'll try to dig up who you used to be (Ahh)  
Tell them niggas get used to me (Come on)  
You can't go back and change the beginnin'  
But I'ma start where I'm at and change the endin'

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I do it like I do it 'cause it ain't about the music  
Ain't about gettin' through it 'cause I'm already proven  
You niggas see me cruisin', nigga, I will lose it  
I get on my bully shit, fuck up a nigga movin'  
Now fuck who ya crew is, fuck what the true is  
Gang Starr forever, fuck what the new is  
Lil' nigga turned diamonds to ruins  
Ball with your RuPaul influence  
Shorty askin', "Who you is?"  
Forgettin' I'm praised where a few is  
Overlookin' OG engraved on the Buick  
Before they let me out the cage for the music  
I helped you niggas see exactly who John Woo is (Woo)  
Now, nigga, who you is? You overpaid, bitch-made, glitch-made  
You headin' for the roof when ya shit fade (Hahaha)  
With no substance, ho shit by the abundance  
Your catalog sound the same, you got one hit

Lights out (Lights out)